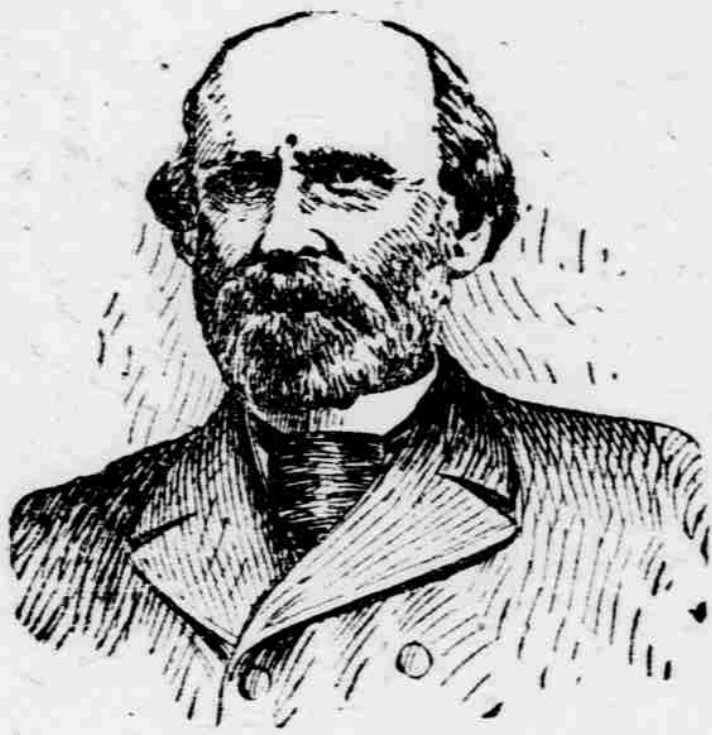


AN APPRECIATION OF CARLYLE

By T. B. KINGSBURY.

Do you love Carlyle? If you do not you are a loser. He is a real genius. He has the unborn creative faculty. I cannot say that he has a genius for poetry, but he has nevertheless the faculty that creates poetic ideas and imagery, while deficient in the gift of exalted or exquisitely finished versification. He abounds in poetic ideas and then there are certain prose passages that are inflamed with rich poetic conceptions and splendid expressions. To me Carlyle is a genuine poet at times. The man who has not read Carlyle's many volumes has failed to acquaint himself with no little of the most inspiring productions of the very prolific nineteenth century. Within the last few years I read again the four volumes of his "Essays" and found them just as impressive, penetrating and original as they appeared to me when I first read them about 1870. I enjoyed them hugely, and although I read many of the essays many times I did not find them any the less delightful and inspiring. They had in no wise lost their charms. They were written in the first half of the last century beginning about 1827. No man of literary culture can afford to lose the excellence and interest of the essays, as well as his "French Revolution," a most unique and original work, his "Oliver Cromwell," his "Sartor Resartus," and some others of the productions of this very original Scotch genius. He has not lost his hold upon the best educated, thoughtful people of Great Britain. After Burns and Scott he is, I think, the greatest of all Scotchmen of genius, and altogether very unlike the two great geniuses named. He was a poet, as I have indicated, but he wrote no poetry—that is not in poetic form. I read many years ago a paper upon the "Ethics of Thomas Carlyle." He was not a Christian, and yet doubter as he was he retained a profound religious sense, solemn and awful in its combination of the Scotch with the Hebrew spirit. Beyond the mupity for bread he felt that there was an equally peremptory and inex-



Dr. T. B. Kingsbury.

orable spiritual munty—a vocation not to be combined with the other except with the price of exhausting effort and suffering.

I have such an exalted opinion of Carlyle that for forty years I have regarded it as a very special privilege and pleasure to read his writings much. His attractions for me are unmistakable and incessant. I can read him when his original books are welcome and dull. I learned to love him by repeated reading. It will grow upon you with indulgences, for he certainly was one of the greatest of Scotchmen as I have already said. He was a genius of singular and striking gifts. He was a born fighter, and had very marked peculiarities. His style was unique, original, sometimes startling; occasionally weird and fantastic, and yet attractive and vigorous, spontaneous, full of life and boldness. I have an impression that a genuine attraction to Carlyle as a writer results on the part of Americans to continued reading. For well nigh thirty-five years I have been a frequent reader of his best books, and he really possesses a marked fascination for me. He was not this always, for prior to 1870, I read him with merely casual interest, was not engrossed or enchanted. I have never seen the volume of more "New Letters," but they are praised by critics as were the first "Letters," published by Prof. Norton, of Harvard University years ago. A writer in the New York "Outlook" wrote of the volume:

"It is perfectly clear after reading these letters that what men have sometimes thought was artificial in his composition was spontaneous. He writes with the same exaggerated emphasis to his friends as to the public." Carlyle was a careful observer of men of eminence. His opinion of Tennyson and some others displayed his clearness of vision and exactness of judgment. Let me give a few instances. To illustrate he met our own great American statesmen once in London, Daniel Webster, and in a letter to his able brother, Dr. Carlyle, he wrote:

"A terrible, beetle-browed, mastiff-mouthed, yellow-skinned, broad-bottomed, grim-taciturn individual; with a pair of dull-looking black eyes, and as much Parliamentary intellect and silent rage in him, I think, as I have ever seen in any man. Some fun too; and readiness to speak in drawing, didactic, handfast style about 'our Republican institutions.'"

He did not fancy Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards Earl Beaconsfield, and in 1852, he wrote of him in his usual pointed, brusque, virile style, upon his prospect of becoming Home Secretary:

"I must say. Here is a Stump-Orator who has not gone to the wrong market with his beggarly 'Old Clo' dyed new!" And again, somewhat more than a twelvemonth later:

"* * * Do you read The Edinburgh Review? In the last No. is a scourging Article (of which I read three pages today in the Library) on Disraeli—by Hayward. Diamond cut diamond; Jew pull the dirty ragged pate of a Jew! I agree with Hayward, however, there is hardly any uglier phenomenon in these times than the political history of that uncircumcised (or circumcised) Adventurer."

He admired Robert Browning most cordially, affectionately. On 21st June, 1841, when Browning had not poet of real originality and promise. The letter is very interesting, full of candor, sympathy and advice. I can only copy a small part, but it is highly characteristic of the Scotch writer. He writes, for instance:

"Unless I very greatly mistake, judging from these two works, you seem to possess a rare spiritual gift, poetical, pictorial, intellectual, by whatever name we may prefer calling it; to unfold which into articulate clearness is naturally the problem of problems for you. This noble endowment, it seems to me farther, you are not at present on the best way for unfolding."

He tells him that he thinks he has "a long battle before him, full of toil and pain, and all sorts of real fighting." And this was indeed prophetic, for Browning came very shortly into recognition and it was almost the old age before he came to his own. The time came when there was a Browning cult. Read the following acute and frank utterance of the great Scotchman and see how plain and candid and yet sympathetic he is:

"The light we ourselves gain, by our very errors, if not otherwise, is the only precious light. Victory, what I call victory, if well fought for, is sure to you."

"If your own choice happened to point that way, I for one should hail it as a good omen that your next work were written in prose! Not that I deny your poetic faculty; far, very far from that. But unless poetic faculty means a higher power of common understanding, I know not what it means. One must first make a true intellectual representation of a thing, before any poetic interest that is true will supervene."

Carlyle was very fond of Light Hunt, a writer of superior gifts who is but little read in 1909, save by real lovers of good literature. Writing to Hunt of his then unpublished "Autobiography" (in 1850), work of very genuine merit and interest, he called it "an excellent good book," the best of its kind in the English language then. How much like Carlyle is the following, so original and yet full of sympathy and appreciation:

"A pious, ingenious, altogether human and worthy book; imaging, with graceful honesty and free felicity, many interesting objects and persons on your life-path, and imaging throughout, what is best of all, a gifted, gentle, patient and valiant human soul, as it buffers its way through the billows of time, and will not down, though often in danger; can not be drowned, but conquers, and leaves a track of radiance behind it; that, I think, comes out more clearly to me than any other of your books; and that I can venture to assure you is the best of all results to realize in a book or written record. In fact this book has been like an exercise of devotion to me."

Carlyle was a man of most marked individuality and independence. He said that he thought and asked for no diminution of censure. He had read his brother's book on Plato. He tells him just what he thinks of the illustrious Greek philosopher, and who can gainsay the judgment pronounced. He wrote to Dr. Carlyle that he found "nearly insupportable, with definition and hair-splitting, though there is a fine high vein in him, of magnanimous perception, humour, godlike indignation veiled in silence, and other rare gifts." He did not like Dickens, and thought, most absurdly, that the American Bret Harte resembled Dickens, but was "a man of more weight of metal." To me Carlyle is one of the most honest, original and engaging of writers. His "Sartor Resartus"—a strange name for the "Tailor Patched"—really a criticism upon the Spirit of the Age—setting

You Can't Afford to Buy a PIANO OR ORGAN

About which nobody knows anything except the seller—nor an instrument that has nothing to recommend it but a low price. Don't let a low price hide the truth of the matter. Try to think out the problem of time, talent, labor, material and money tied up in our factory. An intelligent study of these facts will tell you no good instrument can be sold for next to nothing. The only safe course is to go to a reputable Piano or Organ dealer, pay a reasonable price and get a reliable guarantee. When you buy an instrument away from home there's nobody to complain to, if things go wrong. The greatness of this store, the thing on which it chiefly prides itself, is its long record of square and upright dealing—it is a record of selling reliable instruments at the lowest prices to be found in any store, in any part of this vast country. Of the hundreds of people who have bought instruments of us, not one can say that we have not always been cautious, considerate, attentive and fair. Come in and see how easy we can make terms that will enable you to buy a good Piano or Organ right here at home, under a guarantee that means something.

DARNELL & THOMAS, Raleigh, N. C.

forth in a most original and masterly way the then aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts and Social Life, is really a poem in prose, if one has the poet's eye to discern it. It certainly contains a vast deal of noble poetry that even the man with nothing higher than in some respects poetic sympathy, may perceive and enjoy. It may be as has been thought by some his greatest work of genius. But his "Past and Present"; "The Diamond Necklace and Miralean"; the large volume of "Essays," "Representative Men," "French Revolution," and "Cromwell" are of high merit and marked entertainment—provided you have learned to love Carlyle. His "Frederic The Great" I know only through what critics have said of it.

Many years since, Professor William Knight, of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland, published a work of literary reminiscences entitled "Retrospects." It was an octavo in size. It did not impress me of special interest, although full of accounts of literary contemporaries. Among them was Thomas Carlyle, the original and illustrious. He knew him well and spent many evenings with him. All informed readers know of Carlyle's most wonderful conversational powers, one of the greatest in literature, deserving to be remembered with Dr. Samuel Johnson, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Lord Macaulay, and Thomas De Quincey. Prof. Knight says he wishes he had been able to take stenographic notes of those talks, but that no man might venture. He adds that Dean Stanley once reproduced from memory a conversation with Carlyle, the manuscript of which extended over more than forty pages of the Dean's notebook. This "reproduced the Socratic talker in so realistic a fashion that it is a great loss to posterity that the manuscript has disappeared." His recollections of the great poet, Lord Tennyson, do not seem important or new. Of Robert Browning he writes with more of personal interest and sympathy, and says that "he was one of the most delightful of human beings; more so, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries. I never heard him utter a morose word or assume an unsympathetic attitude toward other men of genius." He is very kind to the once famous Dean Stanley, of the Established Church, whose works on the Greek Church and Life of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the celebrated Head Master of Rugby school, I had read with pronounced entertainment. Prof. Knight regards him as "theologically and ecclesiastically the widest minded man of his age." He was indeed very broad, liberal in his church views. I believe he once visited the United States. He was Dean of Westminster Abbey, London. I was interested in noting that Prof. Knight has an "intensely appreciative" opinion of Anna Swanwick, and she is the only female character in his gallery of portraits. Those who have read her metrical translations of the tragedies of the illustrious Greek poet Aeschylus, and the tragedy of "Faust," the greatest creation of the German poet Goethe, must recall this remarkable performances of Miss Stranwick.

Carlyle was born in Dumfries, Scotland, on December 4th, 1795. His father was an intelligent, worthy stone-mason. He had a fair parish school education, and at fifteen went to the University of Edinburgh, he had but little money and was resigned for the ministry. He first attempted teaching but probably had but little taste for it. He spent years in doing "hack work" as a translator. In 1825, when thirty years old, he published his first book, a life of the German poet Schiller. He was married in 1836 to a superior woman, Miss Janne Welch, who made many sacrifices for him. He was much criticised after a few years of authorship. His miscellaneous essays, including "Sartor Resartus," gave him both fame and a support. He survived his very gifted wife some fifteen years, but he wrote but little after her death that added to his fame or happiness. There is no doubt as to Carlyle's fame being secure. Whatever the opinions may be as to his peculiarities of opinion and mannerism of style, it is recognized among men of distinction in letters that he was a very gifted and original genius in letters.

Wilmington, N. C.

"Our daily bread" does not mean that of the other fellows as well.

WINSTON-SALEM LEADS

FEBRUARY SALES OF LEAF TOBACCO LARGEST IN THE STATE.

The Total Sales in the State Reached 11,056,316 Pounds, and of This Winston-Salem Sold 2,593,486 Pounds.

The sales of leaf tobacco at the warehouses in North Carolina, as reported to the Department of Agriculture shows that in January 11,056,316 pounds were sold.

In the sales Winston-Salem leads, with Reidsville second, Durham third, Wilson fourth and Roxboro fifth. These all sold less than a million pounds each while the Winston-Salem sales amounted to 2,593,486 pounds.

The sales reported are as follows:

	First Hand	Total With Resales
Winston-Salem	2,235,407	2,593,486
Reidsville	845,074	845,074
Durham	809,902	995,682
Wilson	765,935	938,374
Roxboro	684,972	713,684
Rocky Mount	594,775	747,517
Oxford	573,314	599,035
Mt. Airy	526,884	560,769
Stoneville	435,171	448,404
Henderson	402,202	551,993
Greenville	379,006	462,781
Warrenton	206,427	208,805
Creedmore	196,417	214,028
Greensboro	160,681	156,981
Louisburg	147,750	162,129
Madison	135,150	140,697
Farmville	129,443	140,197
Burlington	115,640	123,415
Kinston	96,384	114,460
Ahose	81,652	93,218
Statesville	55,645	55,645
Raleigh	54,627	54,627
LaGrange	31,746	33,905
Wendell	27,622	58,466
Robersonville	23,755	28,402
Enfield	22,990	22,990
Leaksville	21,777	21,777
Ayden	17,398	17,398
Youngsville	15,634	16,077
Smithfield	14,909	15,775
Williamston	5,524	5,524
	9,813,814	11,056,316

Rocky Mount Tobacco Market.

(Special to News and Observer.)

Rocky Mount, N. C., Feb. 13.—Receipts for the week have been very light, though the weather has been good, indicating that the crop is about sold in this section. Sales amount to about 150,000 pounds. Quality shows no improvements over past several weeks, much of the stock being offered is in the nature of barn cleanings, though some good tobacco is being offered in the medium to good grades.

Wrappers are very scarce. Prices as a rule are very satisfactory, and the market continues active.

The Deacon Made Them Wise.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

"De four buttons in de collection fer de heathen," said the old colored deacon, "is took in de spirit in which dey wuz give; but I want ter tell you righ now, dat de heathen don't wear de things what buttons goes on; howsomever, ef you will put in a pair er galluses next time, I'll make use er de buttons myself!"

New Warehouse at Rocky Mount.

Rocky Mount, Feb. 13.—Work has begun upon the erection of a tobacco warehouse by Contractor H. S. Pool to be built for W. E. Fenner upon the vacant lot where formerly stood Davis warehouse. The work of excavating is being pushed rapidly and this will have been completed during the present week.

New Proof.

(Atlanta Georgian.)

In the stomach of an immense whale which recently captured off the coast of Georgia was found the leg of a man with a shoe on the foot. The indications are that the victim was an Italian sailor. Yet the Biblical iconoclast still refuses to believe the story about Jonah.